

# St. Tammany's Magazine.

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## QUISNE TU?

HERE is another Magazine—which is nothing to be wondered at; and therefore it is unnecessary to make any moral reflections about it. As to what it will contain, the publisher is as much in the dark as the reader; and therefore he cannot pretend to throw any light on the subject. The best way to ascertain the contents, will be to peruse them; and if, after having performed this task, the reader does not know how to pronounce upon their merits, his safest plan will be to abuse them, as the majority of people will take censure upon trust.

With this, all preface might be considered as despatched; and why, after so luminous an explanation, the publisher should cudgel his brains to no purpose, he cannot imagine; except, that as this is a magazine, it must have an introduction. "*Omne magazinum debet habere prefationem*," says Cicero, in his epistle to Atticus, in relation to a quarterly journal which the latter was about commencing; and such high authority ought not to be neglected at this late day. War without a declaration, dinner without grace, or a new theatre without a prologue, would be full as uncivilized, as a new magazine without a precursive dissertation on all things in general, and nothing in particular.

From the title of this work, the ingenious might suspect that it was intended to be devoted to political purposes. This is not the fact. The publisher, at first, thought of calling it "*St. Nicholas's Magazine*;" but on maturer reflection, he considered, that, as this journal is intended for the benefit of the United States at least, to say nothing of the world, the solar system, and the universe—it would be derogatory to the noble ends of his undertaking, to invoke only the aid of the patron saint of this city. He therefore called on the great St. Tammany, whose life, martyrdom, canonization, and miracles, he intends to record hereafter, as time and place may serve, in the pages of this chronicle.

These points being amply discussed, it is only necessary to add, that there is a slit in the publisher's shop-door, No. 101 Greenwich Street, big enough to admit any communication, of decent size; as this magazine is big enough for any, of decent materials. It is intended, in this work, to illustrate the compressibility of matter; and the only thing the publisher fears is, that the purchaser may think he has got "too much pork for a shilling."

## THE TYROL WANDERER.

[The following narrative is published by one who says, that it was his practice to note down whatever he saw and heard, that was extraordinary, in his travels—and that being at the City of Washington, he took an account of the singular adventures here related, from the man himself—who then resided in that city, where he supposes him still to reside.]

Gervasio Probasio Santuari was born at a village near Trent, in the Tyrol, on the 21st of October, 1772. He was brought up in one of the schools of that country, in which part of the learner's time is devoted to literature, and part to the exercise of the agricultural and mechanic arts. He was then sent to college for the purpose of being educated for the Romish church, but not liking his occupation or prospects, he renounced his theological studies, and, young as he was, became a *Benedict*, instead of a monk. His first employment, after his marriage, was as a *surveyor of land*. Shortly afterwards, however, when Joseph the Second ordered an expedition against the Turks, he entered the army under Laudun, and marched to Belgrade, after which he sustained his share in the siege of Mantua. After the capitulation of that city he deserted from the Austrian army, to avoid the consequences of a duel in which he had

been involved. The punishment for such a crime, according to the rules of the Austrian military code, is death. He joined the French at Milan, and went by the name of Carlo Hassanda, but growing weary of the suspicion which attached to him as a spy, he poisoned the guards by administering to them opium in their drink, and escaped to a village in the south of Switzerland. Here, to avoid detection, he assumed the name of Joan Eugena Leitensdorfer, and having sent word to his family how he was situated, they sent him a remittance, with which he purchased watches and jewellery, and travelled as a pedlar through France and Spain. In this capacity he arrived at Toulon, where his terror and his necessities induced him to embark on board a vessel which was bound for Egypt. After his arrival he wandered on to Cairo, where the French forces were then quartered, under the command of Menou, and to the agricultural and economical projects of the Institute he rendered considerable aid. In the mean time, our forces landed, and after the victory, which the life of Abercrombie dearly purchased, he conceived that things were likely to take a change, and deserted without scruple to the British army. The English officers encouraged him to open a coffee-house for their entertainment, and he soon collected a

sum of money which his enterprising spirit induced him to expend in the erection of a theatre, where the military amateurs used to perform. Here he married a Coptic woman. On the departure of the English, he found it necessary to retire from Alexandria; and abandoning his wife, child, and property, he arrived, after an ordinary voyage, at Messina, in Sicily. At that place, being out of employment, and utterly destitute of resources, he entered as a novice in a monastery of Capuchin friars, and he practised their discipline, and enjoyed their bounty, until an opportunity offered of running away, of which, with his usual alacrity, he availed himself, and sailed for Smyrna. He soon reached Constantinople, where he was reduced to the last extremity of want, having wandered about the city for three days and three nights without food or shelter. At length, meeting a Capuchin friar, he begged of him a pack of cards and a pistol, and with the aid of these he exhibited tricks, which in some measure retrieved his desperate fortune. About this time Brune, who commanded the French army at Milan, when he made his escape, arrived at Constantinople as the French ambassador; and fearing that he might be recognised by some of the diplomatic suite, he enlisted into the Turkish service. Two expeditions were then on foot; one against Passwan Oglou, in Bulgaria, the other against Elfi Bey, in Egypt. He joined the latter, and on the defeat of the Turkish detachment to which he belonged, saved his head by betaking himself to the desert, and courting protection from the Bedouin Arabs. After this unfortunate expedition, he continued to make his way back to Constantinople, and endeavoured in vain to procure from the Russian minister a passport into Muscovy. His next attempt was to obtain re-admittance into the Turkish service, in which proving unsuccessful, he assumed the habit and character of a *dervise*. These are the functionaries of religion, and always combine with their sacerdotal duties the offices of *physician* and *conjuror*. To be initiated into this order he made a formal renunciation of Christianity, denounced its followers for the wrongs and injuries they had done him, professed the Mahometan faith in due form, and to show that he was in earnest, circumcised himself. This being accomplished, he then joined, under the new name of Murat Aga, a caravan for Trebisonde, on the southern shore of the Black sea. On the way he practised his profession by giving directions to the sick, and selling, for considerable sums of money, small pieces of paper on which were written sentences from the Koran in Turkish, which he pretended to sanctify by applying to the naked shaven crown of his head. At Trebisonde he was informed that the Bashaw was dangerously ill,

and threatened with blindness; and he was called upon instantly to prescribe for this grand patient, which, however, he refused to do, unless he was admitted into his presence. To this sovereign presence he was accordingly conducted through files of armed soldiers and ranks of kneeling officers. Having arrived in the sick chamber, the dervise displayed all the pomp and grandeur of his calling, by solemnly invoking God and the Prophet. He next proceeded to inquire under what disease the Bashaw laboured, and found that he was afflicted with a fever, accompanied with a violent inflammation of the eyes. Judging from the symptoms that it was likely he would recover both health and sight, he boldly declared it to be God's will that both these events should happen after the next new moon, provided certain intermediate remedies should be used. Then searching the pouch containing his medicines and apparatus, he produced a white powder, which he ordered to be blown into the Bashaw's eyes, and a wash of milk and water to be frequently applied afterwards. Sweating, by the assistance of warm drinks and blankets, was likewise recommended. He was well rewarded both by money and presents; and the next day departed with the caravan toward Persia, intending to be nine or ten days journey from Trebisonde, before the new moon should appear, that he might be quite out of reach, in case the event should prove unfortunate. The caravan, being numerous and heavily laden, was overtaken by an organized and armed banditti, who pursued them for the purpose of plunder, and finding they must either fight or purchase terms, they preferred the latter. This affair being thus settled, he heard two of the marauders talking to each other concerning the grand dervise who had cured the Bashaw of Trebisonde. He heard them say, that the recovery was confidently expected, as the more violent symptoms had abated, and the prospect became daily more encouraging. The event justified their observations, and on the return of the caravan the dervise was received with open arms at Trebisonde, pronounced by the lips of the sovereign to be a great and good man, and once more loaded with donations. Here he remained until another caravan set out for Mecca, and he joined the body of pilgrims and traders in his hitherto auspicious character of a dervise. They arrived in due time in the region of Yemen; but the Wechabites had commenced their fanatical encroachments. They had, in part, demolished the old religion of Mahomet, set up their new revelation in its stead, burned the body of the prophet, and sequestered much of the revenues of his shrine. The caravan did not choose to encounter the zeal and determination of these daring innovators, and accordingly it halted at a distance,

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But Murat, availing himself partly of his sanctity as a priest, and partly of his personal adroitness, went over to their camp, and was well received. Having tarried as long as he pleased in Mecca, he went to a port near Jidda, a city on the Red Sea, and thence crossing to the west side, he coasted along to Suez. In that place he entered as interpreter into the service of Lord Gordon, a Scottish traveller, and with him he travelled to Cairo, and thence to Nubia and Abyssinia. His last employment, previous to his leaving the service of that gentleman, was to decorate with flowers, fruit, leaves, branches, and chandeliers, the hall in which his employer, on his return, gave a splendid fête to the foreign residents and consuls then at Cairo. Thence, after an absence of six years, he returned to Alexandria, and on inquiring after his Coptic wife, was told that she was in concealment. A separation was readily agreed upon, and by mutual consent, she formed a connexion with a Copt, a man of her own sect. Returning once more to Cairo, he wholly relinquished the occupations of a dervise, and assumed the office and uniform of an *engineer*. Here he was engaged in planning military works, and in superintending their execution. While thus employed, news was brought him that the American captain, Eaton, had arrived, and was in search of a confidential and intrepid agent, to convey a message to Hamet Caramelli, the ex-bashaw of Tripoli, in Barbary. At an interview which took place between them, the captain first swore Murat to secrecy on the Koran, and then communicated his project. Having agreed upon the conditions, Murat took the earliest opportunity of deserting the Turks, and penetrated through the desert to the Mameluke camp, where Caramelli was, poor and dependent, but respected. It must be remembered that Egypt is divided into English and French parties; the Turks being attached to the French, and the Mamelukes to the English. With a single attendant and two dromedaries, he proceeded with the swiftness of the wind, feeding the animals on small balls composed of meal and eggs, and taking no other sleep than he could catch on the back of the hard-trotting animal, to which he had himself tied. He reached the Mameluke camp in safety. The Sheik, in token of a welcome reception, gave him a few sequins, and refreshed him with coffee. In a short time he so arranged matters with the ex-Bashaw, that one night Caramelli went forth, as if on an ordinary expedition, with about one hundred and fifty followers, and instead of returning to his Mameluke encampment, sped his way over the trackless sands, and with that force reached the rendezvous of the enterprising American. With all the forces they could jointly assemble, they traversed, with extreme toil and suffer-

ing, the deserts of Barca, for the purpose of making a diversion in favour of the squadron of armed ships which the United States of America had ordered against the city of Tripoli. After surmounting incredible hardships, they arrived at Derne, and gained an advantage over the troops of the reigning Bashaw in a skirmish. Immediately after this, a peace was concluded with the American consul, Mr. Lear; in consequence of which, orders were sent to the squadron of the United States, then on the coast, and to the co-operating land forces under Eaton, to discontinue hostilities. The Egyptian host were requested to embark in the ships of their allies. Part of them, thus stopped in their mid-career, did so; and the rest remained on shore, subject, now they were inferior in martial strength, to the cruelty and caprice of the baffled and exasperated despot. Lieutensdorfer was one of the persons who went on board, and witnessed the mortification of the ex-bashaw, and the ravings of his lieutenant-general, at this unexpected order, so subversive of their plans, and so ruinous to their hopes. In this vessel he acted as a colonel, and proceeded with her by way of Malta to Syracuse.

From Syracuse he went to Albania, taking the route of Corfu to Salona, with the design of inquiring by letter what had become of a son by his first marriage, whom he had left behind in the Tyrol. Immediately, however, upon his landing among the Turks, he was seized as an apostate Mahometan, and reduced to slavery. The miseries of his situation were in some degree relieved, from the circumstance of his having fortunately recovered several sick sailors during the voyage. In addition to this, he pleaded the necessity which he felt, when in the American army of Africa, of conforming to the dress and manners of that strange and peculiar people of the west, under a belief that necessity justified his deceit, and that to act as an American, was not to feel as a Christian. By degrees, the rigours of his servitude were alleviated, and he was at length restored to the entire freedom of a faithful Mussulman. He next visited Palermo, and there formed a temporary marriage with a fair Sicilian, who "laughed at all ties but those which love had made."

About this time, the new king of Naples threatened to conquer Sicily, in spite of all the resistance that Ferdinand IV. and the English could make. On this, Lieutensdorfer became alarmed for his personal safety, knowing well that he neither deserved nor could expect mercy from the Frenchmen. He then determined to embark as a passenger for the United States, but no master of a vessel could be found to receive him in that capacity; and being obliged to offer himself as a sailor, he was entered as such on board a ship bound for Salem, in the State of Massachusetts. Here



he learned to hand, reef, and steer, and in a short time became an active and perfect seaman. Arriving at Salem, in December, 1809, he soon went on a visit to his old friend and fellow warrior at Brimfield, by whom he was hospitably entertained and sent to Washington, furnished with ample testimonials of his bravery and services, for the inspection of the President and Secretary of State. By these officers he was referred to the Secretary at War, and enjoyed, for a time, the paradise of suspense into which every state expectant is sure to be initiated. By continued references, however, from one person to another, his skill in surveying, drawing, and engineering, happened to become known to the surveyor of the public buildings, and he thereby acquired some of the patronage of Mr. Latrobe. There he now lives, occupying one of the vacant chambers in the northern pile of the capitol, as a watch or office keeper; providing and cooking for himself, and employing his hands in almost every kind of occupation, from the making of shoes to the ensnaring of birds and the delineation of maps.

This extraordinary man is about five feet ten inches in height, with dark eyes, black hair, and a brown complexion. His looks are lively, his gestures animated, and his limbs remarkably flexible and vigorous. His forehead is ample, his features expressive, and his figure rather spare and lean. With such natural marks and powers, he has been enabled to assume the respective characters of Jew, Christian, and Mahometan; and of soldier, linguist, engineer, farmer, juggler, tradesman, and dervise, with apparent facility. In short, he has shown himself to be one of the most versatile of human beings, having acted, during his multifarious life, in about *thirty different characters!* In the course of his adventures he has received several wounds, and his eccentric life has afforded incidents for a theatrical exhibition on the stage of Vienna. He can utter the Hebrew words of worship almost exactly like a Rabbi in the synagogue; he can recite the Christian Catholic ritual, after the manner of the Capuchins; and he pronounces the religious sentences of the Mussulmen in Arabic, with the earnestness and emphasis of a Mufti. To complete this "strange eventful history," the Congress of America have, at the instance of Mr. Bradley, who detailed the leading incidents of his life on the floor of the senate, passed a bill, bestowing on him a half section of land, (320 acres) and the pay of a captain, from the 15th of December, 1804, to the same period in 1805, being the time that he served as adjutant and inspector of the army of the United States in Egypt, and on the coast of Africa. Leitensdorfer is at present but forty-eight years of age, strong and healthy, and if his rambling disposition should continue, likely to

add many more pages to a biography, which, perhaps, has few parallels, except in the adventures and vicissitudes of Trenck.—*Lond. Mag. Aug. 1821.*

THE UNIVERSE, A POEM; BY THE REV. C. R. MATURIN. LONDON.

As there can be no doubt, we think, that Melmoth and the devil are one and the same personage, and, as we are of opinion that Mr. Maturin, in the concoction of his *late* novel, had got into the worst possible company, we are truly happy to find that he has at last abandoned Beelzebub, and betaken himself to poetry: And though we cannot very much felicitate him on the first fruits of his deliverance from the diabolical copartnery, the event was so desirable in itself, and is so likely to be productive of beneficial consequences to the author, that we are content to meet with him on his own terms,—“with all his imperfections on his head.”—“The Universe! A Poem!”—Our nerves are none of the weakest or most delicate; yet, verily, the title is appalling. From the very nature of things, the Aristotelian rule must here be set at defiance. Where, in the name of criticism and common sense, could he begin with a subject that had no beginning, or finish with that which, being infinite and eternal, can have no end? He has followed no plan—He has given his fancy the rein. His flight is wild and discursive, but indicates a bearing in no particular direction. He sometimes mounts upward, and that on no ignoble wing, but still he is not the eagle seeking to kindle his undazzled eye in a nearer approach to the source of light. As he ascends, the clouds gather around him, and he is soon lost in those mists which he wants brilliancy and splendour to dissipate. His poem is not a *whole*: any man might as well have tried to cram the solar system into a cockle-shell, as to produce a complete and finished poem on such a subject. Far less was this attainable by a writer, like Mr. Maturin, who appears to deliver himself up to every thought, conceit, fancy, or whim, that visits his singularly-constituted mind,—without for a moment stopping his course to establish connections, or trace sequences. Accordingly, he has transgressed against grammar, sense, propriety, arrangement, keeping; nay, almost every established canon of criticism. Of his blunders it may truly be said that “their name is legion, for they are many.” The “Universe” is a mere farrago of poetical expressions, ideas, and pictures, aggregated in a rude and undigested mass. Sometimes, indeed, he is fortunate; and, in spite of the notorious carelessness and hurry with which the present poem has been got up, we shall be able to produce *not a few* very beautiful passages. At other times, again, he

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...aves worse than any poetical bedlamite, and  
...not infrequently indites arrant nonsense. In  
...this latter attribute, indeed, we had believed  
...that the Pilgrims of the Sun had stood pre-  
...minent; but, in justice to Mr. Hogg, we must  
...confess that the "Universe" beats his "Pil-  
...grims" out and out. The Pilgrims of the Sun is  
...a perfect piece of logic, compared to it. Yet  
...it is but fair to allow that the "Universe" has  
...one decided advantage over its rival in fustian  
...and fanfaronnade. Unlike the erudite and  
...modest Shepherd, who, in a luckless hour,  
...discovered that "what the bedesmen say is  
...neither true nor plain to man," Mr. Maturin  
...takes things as they are, and does not, like  
...Hogg, set about concocting a new system of  
...religion and philosophy, of which system, by  
...the bye, no man was ever able to understand  
...any thing but himself—in such Pythian ob-  
...scurity are the Shepherd's oracles involved!  
...It is also right to mention another circum-  
...stance. The "Universe" has no heroine  
...partial to sailing "on the rim of a saffron  
...cloud," and begirt with petticoats, (consider-  
...ing her elevation,) of very dangerous brevity.  
...But we must to our task.

The opening of the Poem contains a very  
favourable specimen of the author's manner.

Nature—Ethereal essence, fire divine,  
Pure origin of all that Earth has fair,  
Or Ocean wonderful—or Sky, sublime!  
Thou—when the Eternal Spirit o'er the abyss  
Of ancient waters, moving, through the void  
Spoke, and the light began;—Thou also wast—  
And when the first born break of glorious day  
Rejoic'd upon the youthful mountains—Thou  
Cam'st from its God, the world's attempering  
soul!  
From thee, the Universal Womb conceived  
Its embryon forms, and teeming arrayed  
All Earth with loveliness and life—the things  
That draw the vital air or brightly glow—  
The animate, or silent beautiful—  
High spreading glories of the wilderness,  
That lift their blossomy boughs in summer air,  
From Araby to Ind; flinging sweet dew  
Upon their fugitive twilight:—

The comparison of the "shallow sophist"  
to the "light aeronaut, with vacuous orb,  
ascending past the clouds," is, in our estima-  
tion, as beautiful as it is original.

Vainly, th' undisciplined or presumptuous mind,  
Soaring above its terrene element,  
Seeks aught but error, weakly arguing  
On hidden essences:—light Aeronaut,  
With vacuous orb, ascending past the clouds,  
Till Earth grow dim, nor gainingsight of Heav'n;  
But moving at the will of wantoning winds,  
Launch'd without compass—lost in boundless  
ways!—

The disinterment of Pompeii "from its long  
sleep of darkness," is a subject fit only for the  
powerful pen of Lord Byron. Mr. Maturin,  
however, has been more fortunate here than

in other parts of his performance, involving  
less difficulty.

Such of late,  
From its long sleep of darkness disinterr'd,  
Pompeii with its low and buried roofs,  
Rose dark upon the miner's progress, like  
A city of the dead! a tomb perchance  
Where living Men were buried!—Tyrant death!  
How didst thou triumph then!—thou us'd'st to  
steal

Behind thy sallow harbinger disease,  
Or take thine open and determinate stand  
In battle's ranks; with Danger at thy side  
Forewarning gallant breasts prepared to die;  
But there—thy spectral visage darken'd forth,  
Amid the joyous bosom scenes of life,  
From its invisible ambush! There—it found  
The myriad fantasies of hearts and brains,  
Young loves and hopes and pleasures all abroad,  
Spreading their painted wings, and wantoning  
In life's glad summer's breeze, from flower to  
flower!

And, with the fatal spell of one dread glance,  
Blasted them all!

In p. 7 we have the following lines:

Earth and all her lowly shores contain Him not,  
Nor all the myriad orbs that CULMINATE  
Their wildering brightness down the steep of  
night!

Now, in the first place, this is a plagiarism  
from Hogg, who somewhere, in his "Solar  
Pilgrims," talks of a defunct world sent "clat-  
tering, (or "wildering," we forget which,)  
down the steep of night for ever;" and, in the  
second place, it is both nonsense, and a sole-  
cism in language. "To CULMINATE bright-  
ness down the steep of night!"—"To culmi-  
nate—to be vertical; to be in the meridian,"  
says Dr. Johnson.

Far and wide his eye commands;  
Forsight no obstacle found there, or shade,  
But all sunshine; as when his beams at noon  
Culminate from the Equator.

Paradise Lost.

These examples, warrant us to tell Mr. M.  
that every man who knows the elements of  
his vernacular tongue, is aware, that the verb  
"to culminate" is neuter, not active, as he has  
blunderingly made it. "To culminate bright-  
ness" is, therefore, not English; and "to cul-  
minate brightness down" is not philosophy;  
two subjects with which the author had bet-  
ter make himself acquainted forthwith. (We  
leave the care of his Latin to the Quarterly.)  
If the phrase, "to culminate brightness," had  
any meaning at all, it would be directly the  
reverse of that affixed to it by this author; it  
would mean, that "brightness" had been  
caused to ascend to the highest point of the  
meridian or the zenith. But the "orbs" not  
only "CULMINATE wildering brightness down,"  
generally, but specially and particularly  
"down the steep of night!" We never knew  
before that light, or, "wildering brightness,"

had any specific tendency to *descend*; but, be that as it may, had this "*brightness*" actually *descended*, or "*culminated down*," there can be little doubt that it would have produced *day*, and not *night*. We leave the phrase, "*the steep of night*," without challenge, as it is now somewhat old, being the property, or part and parcel of the property, of James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd. Again, in p. 10, our author describes a "terrible volcano," as "exploding its UNDER ground artillery OVER affrighted cities." Before he write any more, we beg that he will study Mr. John Horne Tooke's diagram illustrative of the meaning of the prepositions!

As an instance of the carelessness that pervades the whole of this poem, (manifesting, as it nevertheless does, very considerable power,) we may farther mention, that the author classes Chimborazo among burning mountains. Figures, to be poetically beautiful, should always be literally just. Chimborazo is no more a burning mountain, than Cader Idris, or Schihallain. We beg to inform Mr. M. that Cotopaxi, *not* Chimborazo, is the volcano to which we presume he meant to allude. Both words have the same number of syllables, and the former is not a whit *less* poetical than the latter... *Constable's Ed. Mag.*

#### MR. ADAMS' ORATION.

[The London *Examiner* speaks of this as the "Tirade of Mr. Quincy Adams;" and after quoting the peroration, comments as follows:]

It cannot but be allowed by the truest well-wishers to America, that this speech of the Hon. John Quincy Adams is in bad taste. There are no greater admirers of American revolutions than ourselves. We have even an hereditary affection for the United States and their founders; and we believe that the striking example afforded by the *first Englishmen*, as it were, who had an opportunity of setting up for themselves, will have the greatest possible effect, in the course of years, all over the world. But why do the Anglo-Americans think it worth their while to talk in this manner? Why cannot they be content with doing and having done things unequivocally great, without showing this petulant jealousy (for it is nothing else after all) of things which they evidently wish they had been able to do also? It is not honourable in John Quincy; and we trust there are great numbers of Americans who think so, besides the British party. The Americans, who are only an off-set from the English, and have been chiefly engaged in setting up their new establishment, are not bound to be as literary as the mother country; and why should they exhibit a soreness at not being so? The true state of the case is this. The Americans are not as literary as the English, but they have undoubtedly, as they say they have, done a great deal

for liberty, and in the love of it. The English, on the other hand, are more literary, but they have not done so much for liberty; or if it shall ultimately turn out that they have, they did not intend it. A flourishing republic set up, and stupid doctrines of legitimacy brought back, are very different things. But the Americans seem to forget, not only that they are not bound to be as literary as the whole English people, with all its old facilities of education, intercourse, and inspiring haunts,—but that Americans and English have both a common ancestry to be proud of, with all its Shakespeares, Miltons, and Bacons. The Americans may even, if they please, for an obvious reason, call themselves the descendants, *par excellence*, of the Miltons, Marvells, and our other great republicans. Why then do they disgrace their own glory, by behaving as if they were not sensible of what they boast of? And why does Mr. Quincy Adams pretend to undervalue what he would give even his ears to possess? He talks of Themistocles. It was more fit in Bonaparte to talk of Themistocles, than republics professing a consistent love of freedom. Epaminondas would have been more to the purpose, though not for Mr. Adams's sophistry; for Epaminondas, besides being the deliverer of his country, was a musician and a dancer.—*Leigh Hunt.*

#### THE BELL AND LANCASTERIAN SYSTEMS.

—A work has appeared at Lyons, attacking the system of education pursued in what are called, on the Continent, schools of mutual instruction, condemning it as pregnant with danger, and pointing out the mischiefs to be apprehended from its adoption. The title of this work is, *L'Enseignement Mutuel Devoit ainsi que ses Jongleries et Pretintailles Revolutionnaires; ou l'Art d'affranchir l'Education de l'Enfance de tout Influence Morale et Religieuse!*

ITALIAN LITERATURE.—A voluminous publication has been commenced at Milan it is intended to form a complete series of the best historical works in every language and is entitled, *Biblioteca Storica di tutti i Tempi, e di tutti le Nazioni*. The first work selected by the editor is Muller's General History of the World, in six volumes. Next the History of the American War, by Botta, an author who has been called, by the journalists of Philadelphia and New-York, the Livy of the United States; and who has been universally admired, as one of the most philosophical historians of the present age. To these succeeds the eloquent work of our own countryman, Gibbon: a very unfinished and incorrect translation of him had before appeared in Italy; but this has now been entirely rewritten, and completed by Bertolotti, the successful translator of many other English works—*Lond. Mag.*



## Balaam.

The earth hath bubbles, as the water hath,  
And these are of them.....*Shakspeare.*

### INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

Ridiculous muss.—*Hor.*

#### UNCANDID AND UNCOURTEOUS READER,

The day has long gone by, when '*candide lector*' was the proper phrase, in a preliminary apology to the public, for troubling them with the speculations of an individual; and when that endearing *individuation* of each member of the many headed monster the world, was supposed to be a sop to the Cerberus of criticism. For using the word *individuation*, we have the authority of the Editor of the National Gazette, who is now cock of the walk in literary matters, and if any one says the term smacks of affectation, he shall be put into the second volume of "Great Britain and the United States," as being no true born American.

But as to the phrase "uncandid reader," is it necessary here to repeat the often condolel upon truth, that no one now opens an anonymous work, except for the purpose of detecting imaginary blunders? What boy of sixteen who has got his parchment and congé from a college, but has criticised all the great authors of the day? What printer's devil who has dirtied his fingers with the sable Hippocrene of modern literature, but has composed diatribes as he composed forms, and given them birth in the next weekly repository of trash? This unhappy habit has produced the serious inconvenience, that no book can be correctly printed in this country. The grammar, orthography, and style, are all amended by these engineers of letters; and whenever they meet with a word which they do not remember to have seen in printing Walker's Abridgment, they knock it out with inimitable sang-froid, and intercalate another which happens to tickle their devilish fancies. But let there be peace between us and these worthies; or they will take such indecent liberties with our virgin matter, that its own parents will not own it.

All this, however, and a great deal more which we might say, is of no consequence to the subject in hand; since the Editors are not answerable for a line of what is contained in this miscellany, as will presently be satisfactorily explained. Let us therefore leave all critics, great and small, to their pleasing and amiable occupations; and to the paying of their printers' bills, when they are able. While in this wise City we have Mr. Coleman to give lectures on taste and *Lucan's* Greek poetry; the authors of the American to revive the styles of Johnson and Junius; Mr. Noah to write commentaries on Grammar; Mr.

Lang to enliven us with brilliant sallies and repartees; the gentlemen and ladies who enact in Washington Hall to teach us rhetoric; Dr. Mitchell for a little of every thing; and Messieurs Clark and S. of New Jersey for our poets-laureat, we may bid defiance to all rival pretensions; and, in the words of an oration, delivered before the Bobalition Society, "we may set down under our own wine, and eat up our own fig tree."

The origin of the present contribution is briefly this: A printer in this city, who has for forty years past been conducting magazines of different kinds and sizes, has a large stock of matter on his hand, consisting of deferred or rejected communications, which he has kept from habit, until his garret is too full to hold any more. This motley collection he lately began to think he might turn to some use. At any rate, he thought that by the laws of the land he was no longer bound to maintain all the fatherless offspring with which his Attic was groaning; and that the public ought to alleviate his burthen. He accordingly called on the Editors, and begged them to act as guardians to these literary brats; which they have done for two reasons. First, because the printer spoke as politely, and romantically, and as much like a book, as all the different passengers did to Miss Wright, when she asked them to show her a place which she did not want to find; and secondly, because they had a natural curiosity to examine this collection of miscellaneous literature.

To attempt an inventory of its contents would be hopeless. To arrange the heterogeneous mass would be a task more severe than that of Hercules, when he set about cleaning the Augean stables, to make himself agreeable to the olfactories of his mistress.

There are Cockney rhymes from Chatham-street, in endless profusion; full of he-Venuses and she-Cupids, seen by moon-light on the battery. Then there are novels, tales, and sentimental whines, in prose and verse; doleful jeremiads on lost loves, dead dogs, and dead babies; sonnets, acrostics and anomalies to Caroline Matilda, Rosalie, Rosaline, Rosamond and Rosabel; essays on seduction, and criticisms on forgotten works; all which, strung together like bunches of onions, festoon and drape the beams of the garret, lending support to the fabrics of a thousand generations of spiders. Not to mention other fugitive productions, there are many complete works, grand romantic poems, sublime beyond comprehension; and tragedies, whose sorrows lie "too deep for tears." The names of some

of the authors are shrewdly conjectured; but we do not mention them, partly out of tenderness, and partly because no one would be wiser for the information. There are innumerable political essays; some quite recent, on the subject of the convention; and could the constitution but be amended according to the desires of these reformers, our state would soon be a large "free and easy;" and we should have a little millennium in anticipation, preceded by a general jail-delivery, and blackguards' jubilee.

It is also proper to mention, that the proprietor of these morceaux has friends, in his own line, in Great Britain, who occasionally supply him with rejected manuscripts from that country, which may account for the appearance in this number, of a tale by Mr. Maturin. Others of his brethren in this country, too, knowing his appetite for the accumulation of such literary offals, supply him with all the garbage and sweepings of their own shops—So that, in addition to the works of authors now dead, naturally or figuratively, he can furnish specimens of contemporary talent, as it is daily developed.

He publishes this number as a small sample; and we have called it *Balaam*, that being a term sometimes applied to such matter as is put in periodical works to fill up, as a *pisaller*; since a column is a column, and a book is a book. It was not, however, without much thought that we selected this nom-de-guerre. We do not mean to give, as others have done before us, a long and stupid account of all the accidents, and of the mental process, by which we arrived at a choice of names. We shall merely mention those rejected, for the benefit of those who may want a title to their works hereafter—"The Catchpenny." "The Bomb; Explosion first." "Inelegant Extracts." "Rusty Relics." "Save the Pieces." "Recent Discoveries." "Garret Furniture." "Heel Taps," &c. &c.

The Editors have taken, perhaps, an unwarrantable license, in ascribing certain pieces to certain authors, on mere conjecture. But this shall only be done, where the presumptive evidence is strong as any proof not positive can be. Of this the public will be able to judge for themselves. And if the fathers will not own their children, let them deny the claim to their patronage, and reconcile it as well as they can to the world and to their consciences.

Neither have the Editors relied on their own judgment solely. They have submitted such documents as they have already selected to several members of the new American Academy of Language and Belles Lettres, instituted for the purpose of writing horn and spelling-books: also, to several members of the Literary and Philosophical Society; to

which body all the scientific papers have been sold, for the 2d volume of their Transactions. Among these are several mineralogical speculations, supposed to be by Col. Weeks. These gentlemen all concurred with the Editors in their opinions as to the authors of these articles.

Will not the humane and charitable foster these poor miserable bantlings, thus thrown in their way, and suing for their protection? Will not all patriotic readers rejoice in this resurrection of dead literature, which promises to add such a sparkling wreath to our country's reputation? We care not a farthing, whether they will or not. We have performed our duty as accoucheurs; let them look to their's. We are entitled to sit in the temple of fame, on the same sofa with Capel Lofft and other kindred spirits, who have ushered modest merit into the world; in imitation of whom, we add notes, occasionally, explanatory and laudatory, telling the reader what he is to admire, and with what he is to be enraptured.

Now, in the language of Mr. Adams' fourth of July oration, "stand forth, ye champions of Britannia, ruler of the waves! ye spawners of such fustian romance" as Waverley and Ivanhoe, which no body here will read; and of such "lascivious lyrics" as Gray and Collins pulped in, which are not fit to be sung to a filthy tune by a scavenger! Come on, we say, look out for your ribs and breadbaskets! Here is mettle for you, which will serve as a suitable appendix to that excellent harangue, which has silenced you for ever.

In the sincere hope, that the public may coincide with us in opinion,

We remain their obedient servants,

\* \* \* \* \*

Catadelphian Academy,  
October 23d, 1821.

#### THE DELUGE.

*Supposed to be by the Author of "Judgment, a Vision."*

Methought I stood within a palm-tree grove,  
Held in a sleep-like spell—the cooling shades,  
Verdure o'er-canopying, voice of birds,  
Green hues of nature, perfumes exquisite,  
And heaven's fair front in all its glory tricked,  
With dazzling argent and golden waves,  
Clouds roseate-wreathed, and broad pavilion  
spread

High in the west, with crimson tapestry  
And Tyrian purple hung—these o'er my senses  
Came like a dreamy trance. In that fair grove,  
The level beams of the retiring sun  
Streaped mottled, multiform, with magic tints,  
'Mid the long spiry leaves and tall strait columns,  
Where glorious birds, with plumage many-color'd,  
Sat motionless. In their declining trains,  
Shone 'mid the foliage from aloft, the glow  
Of ruby, emerald, topaz, sardonyx,  
All hues that sparkled in the diadems



Of Babylon's or India's monarchs old,  
Irradiant.

As I gazed, beside the grove,  
A green vale gently sloping I beheld.  
There grew the date, the fig tree and the plane,  
And in the midst a whispering brook that kist  
Pebbles to modern mineralogists  
Unknown, made music breathing equally of life  
And calm repose—its margin many-tufted  
With peerless flowrets, such as blushed of yore,  
In Nebuchadnezzar's yard, or the parterre  
Of Solomon, or in the regal bower  
Of great Semiramis.

An easy swell  
Rose from the vale : reposing on its summit  
A bulky structure lay ; most like two barks,  
Joined latitudinally, covered with a platform,  
Whereon a dome is reared, o'er-canopied  
With shelving roofs. Mechanic specimens  
Drawn by exertion of equestrian strength,  
Like this, on Hudson's waves are visible ;—  
From such, when Tyre defied the child of Ammon,  
Its massive freight the huge Balista hurled—

Methought a stair clomb high the green hill  
side,

To where in that vast edifice expanded  
A portal stood. Then came a mingled train,  
With weary steps and sad reverted eyes,  
Of size like Amalek, or him of Gath,  
Or his surpassing stature, who maintained  
His royal throne in forest-girdled Bashan,  
And stretched his ponderous limbs on couch of  
iron.

First, touched with earliest frosts of sacred eld,  
Yet upright, with majestic port elate,  
The undeluged world's great patriarch went. In  
vain

My quest, (so strange the pageantry of dreams !)  
Sought to behold his venerable spouse.  
Then passed into the ark, three goodly men,  
Following the sage, each with encircling arm  
Supporting a fair form of peerless mould ;  
And a long train behind went mounting still ;  
As prisoners upon whom the massive portal  
Shuts, grating dolorous requiem to the joys  
Of liberty and daylight—so they went,  
And darkness hid them from me. But anon,  
Soft on the breeze came notes of minstrelsy ;  
A bridal train along the vale advanced,  
In quaint attire and jewels sheen arrayed ;  
With step elastic, bounding to the change  
Of quick delightful music. There the sons  
Of Tubal touched with fingers light the chords,  
Which quivered with ecstatic harmony ;  
And Tubal's offspring bade the sounding brass  
Wake its bold clangors. Others through the coil  
Of serpent tubes the winding sound prolonged ;  
While some on pastoral flutes and sweet record-  
ers,

Breathed tones like those, which o'er Italian seas,  
Heard in the stillness of the radiant night,  
Embodying passion's soul in melody,  
Feed love and young desire.

As when a stranger,  
Lingering amid the gardens of the deep,  
That stud the glittering Caribbean waves,  
In some Antillian grove, beneath the shade  
Of tall palmettos, and the embowering wood  
Of fig-tree huge, self-multiplied, beholds  
Dark Afric's children, on a festal day,

In rainbow colours dight, their dance uncouth,  
Albeit not void of grace, with vigorous limbs,  
Prolong to rustic banja's tinkling twang,—  
While on the lively green, the blushing grape,  
The golden orange, and the shapely pear,  
And ripe ananas with its scaly coat  
And virent tuft, in rich confusion lie :—  
The stranger looks delighted on the scene  
Novel and gay ;—so looked I on the rout  
Who came with joyance and with minstrelsy.

Then in the porch the hoary patriarch stood  
With aspect tristful yet severe—' Avaunt !'  
He cried, ' repeat, repeat ! the hour is come,  
Even now the deluge comes !'

With slight respect,  
I trow, to his grey hairs, that sportive band  
Sent forth, responsive to the warning voice,  
Their heart's gay laugh exuberant, that shook  
Their diaphragms, as to the glorious west  
They pointed. As in Bagdad's ancient pomp,  
Or Isphahan, when the last night is o'er  
Of Ramazans long past, a flood of light  
Pours from the bazars, on the sequent eve,  
Resplendent, and the orient waves therein,  
Burnished with brilliant biasoury, along  
The streets and crowded marts, in splendid glow  
Beam like the array of some enchanter's home ;  
So, far and wide the kindling occident  
Caught from the eternal fire one blaze of pomp,  
Flashing with all its multitudinous tints,  
From molten gold that swam in opal fields,  
To fierce intolerable glory. Thus  
The sun went down, upon that fatal eve—  
The portal closed. The man of God withdrew.  
The mirth, the dance, the minstrelsy went on.  
But where the glory of the west ? As when  
On Jersey's shore, the kindled meadows throw  
A pale dull hue of red along the welkin,  
So faint, so dim, was now the verge of heaven.  
Untimely twilight came. A volumed mist  
Rose suddenly, and far unrolling hung  
Its sombrous drapery o'er the vaulted cope,  
Darkening and deepening.—Whirlwinds past  
along

On pinions terrible ; the forest trees  
Bowed their tall heads, and writhed in agony,  
Like masts upon the ocean tempest-lashed—  
The bridal train swift scattering, from my sight  
Vanished—The birds flew screaming in wild cir-  
cuits,

Mazed and in terror lost—And blackening still  
The clouds went up. Sullenly, heavily,  
Huge drops came pattering down. A hollow  
groan

Even from the bowels of the monstrous world,  
Was heard presaging woe. And then a roar,  
As of a thousand chariots, or the voice  
Of all the ramshorns when the embattled towers  
Of Jericho in whelming ruin fell,  
At distance came. The solid frame of earth  
Shuddered beneath me ;—when above, at once,  
From tenfold darkness, burst the livid sheet  
Of lightning, that revealed the horrid depths  
Of blackness round ; and on the distant brow  
Of the horizon, as it fell, I marked  
The Ocean, piling wave on wave, advance,  
A wall of waters, beetling over head,  
And climbing still, till its impending height  
Threatened whole continents ; as when it closed  
On car-borne Ammon's chivalry and power ;

With murmurs wrathful, like the eternal roar  
On Lapland's sounding coast. While overhead  
The dreadful thunder spoke; and with the peal,  
I woke—Right gladly through the casement then,  
I marked the dew drops on the pendant spray,  
Glittering with early morning's roseate beam,  
And blest my stars that I had not been drowned.

EBENEZER COOK—A FRAGMENT.

By the Author of "Melmoth."

THE watchman on top of the City Hall had just bawled out "twelve o'clock, and all's well;" the streets about the precincts of this famed building were still and deserted; the itinerant astronomer, who exhibits the heavenly bodies, through his telescope, to curious persons, at a shilling a head, had shouldered his tube, and was wending slowly home with the same; the stately piles, [meaning the gate posts at the corner of the park,] which, laden with Hosack's medals, Mitchill's oration, Lang's paper, and Jackson & Baggott's cut glass, are destined to travel down the causeway of time, to tell to posterity the astonishing pitch to which the arts and sciences have arrived in this western hemisphere, stood in the moonshine, in calm and solitary grandeur; the figure which disfigures St. Paul on the edifice bearing his name, when he heard the clock strike, came down from his niche, as he usually does; and the watchman who slept at the corner, was snoring loudly, to frighten away the thieves, as he usually does. All these things, I say, and divers others, were taking place, at the moment when Ebenezer Cook, the hero of this tale, turned himself slowly round on his uneasy pallet, which stood in the corner of a sorry apartment in the Debtors' Prison. "And what have these things to do with Ebenezer Cook, or his slumbers?" methinks I hear some impatient body exclaim. My friend, you are a person of a shallow capacity, or you would know that it is to identify the *time* and *place*.

My readers, if any such there be, will no doubt be curious to learn who Ebenezer Cook was, and why he was held in durance vile. Well, then, my masters, I will tell you. Ebenezer Cook was a butcher in the Catherine Street Market. Wanting fifty dollars and fifty cents, and having only the fifty cents in his pocket, he was advised by his friend, Peter Skinner, to get a note discounted at a certain Bank; Peter offering to endorse one for him, for a hundred dollars, on condition of receiving half. He accordingly got the note discounted, and Ebenezer thought he should hear no more about it, when the banker some few days after shut up shop. Cook was of course much astonished, when, as he was engaged in his professional avocations, one morning, chaffering for a pair of cow's heels that had died of the horn distemper, with a wo-

man who took boarders in a garret in Bancker Street, Mr. Dusenbery took him with a *copias ad respondendum*, issued by one Squire Trover, and lugged him off to the place of confinement, usually resorted to on such occasions, vulgarly called the Jail. Owing to this unforeseen casualty, the woman took away the cow's heels gratis, and also made free with a yard of rotten tripe, which depended from the shambles, on which she feasted her boarders till they were sick. And it is remarkable that the Bancker Street fever first originated in her house. Ebenezer's professional brethren, with their accustomed liberality, raised the sum of one hundred dollars, in money of that Bank, and appointed a committee to wait on Squire Trover. When the butchers came in, Squire Trover bowed in his usual polite and agreeable manner, and, seating himself in his elbow chair, invited his visitors to do the like, which they forthwith performed. They then opened their business, and produced their notes, at sight of which the Squire told them he was surprised at their stupidity, as he had told their fraternity, fifty times before, that he would not take such money in payment. This unfortunately prevented the purpose of the benevolent butchers being accomplished. They returned home very sad, and, stopping by the way to get a small horn a piece, the grocer would not take a dollar of such money for two gills of cider whiskey. So Ebenezer was forced to remain in jail, and there he was, as was before stated, at the commencement of this story.

Ebenezer, as we mentioned before, turned slowly round in his bed, and gazed on darkness; but he could not see it, for it was not darkness visible. He meditated upon the wonders of the invisible world, and felt a superstitious terror crawl over him, like to the crawling of a bed-bug. He heard a footstep penetrating the impervious shadows of the night; and he felt a sensation which it is next to impossible to describe. He raised himself upon his elbows and the tuberosity of his ischium, and strained his abdominal muscles in the effort. He also saw the crack of the door illuminated; which, with philosophical ingenuity, he ascribed to the presence, or rather the absence, of some luminous body. A strain of music, at the same juncture, came in at the window, which angels, if they had nothing else to do, might have stooped to listen to, for nobody else would. It was not the sound of the hautboy, nor the soft breathings of the flute, or Æolian harp; it was not the lively notes of the violin, or the violoncello; nor was it yet the music of the spheres; but it was the production of a man who performed a duet on two bagpipes, with a view of obtaining a lodging in the watch-house; knowing that nothing short of such an execrable noise could wake the watchmen.

Ebenezer verily thought he was about to receive the visitation of a Seraph, and not a Sheriff; when the door opening, a figure in white drapery slowly glided in. He felt as if in the awful presence of some superior intelligence: A palpitation of the heart seized him; a tremor agitated his joints; a sensation, as of incubus, paralyzed his physical faculties; and a cold sweat occupied the remainder of his body. The apparition slowly advanced, and closing the door, deposited a dark lanthorn on the floor, and took a stool at the side of the bed. The light falling on the lower part of the figure, revealed to Mr. Cook a pair of naked and hairy legs. The visitant, in a low, unearthly tone, then commenced the following mysterious communication.

#### TALE OF THE SANS-CULOTTE.

Count Nebuchadnezzar Needle was the only son of Gaffier and Glemmer Needle. How he got his title, few knew; and still fewer, how he got his fortune. But he was certainly possessed of immense wealth: and as every body called him Count, few were disposed to call in question his right to the title. One evening he gave a splendid fête at his palace in Madrid; to which all the nobility and gentry, and some who were neither nobility nor gentry, were invited, as is usual on similar occasions. The palace blazed with light like a bonfire; music floated in every apartment; and sumptuous tables were loaded with victuals of every description. Aromatic perfumes breathing through the assembly, counteracted the strong odours which are usual on such occasions when a great multitude of both sexes are crowded into a smaller given compass than is good for free respiration. In the middle of the entertainment, as he was leading down the mazy intricacies of the dance the rich heiress of the Baron Dumbfuzzle, in all the poetry of motion, a knock was heard at the street door, which made every body shake involuntarily. The young cavalier Blarney was just handing some refreshment to the Marchioness Juliana Sheepshanks, when the tenacity of his gripe being discomposed by the thunder of the knocker, he popped the ice-cream into her bosom, which rivalled it in whiteness. Count Nebuchadnezzar hurried out of the room, after a servant, who made a sign to him, as much as to say, "I want to speak to you." He was absent about half an hour, when he returned, pale as ashes—\*\*\*\*

[Here Ebenezer Cook got up, and blew his nose; which having done, he laid himself down again, and the nocturnal intruder continued his awful revelations.]

Friar Blunderbuss followed the Count out of the room, into a small oratory, where he made a confession of dreadful import, which the Friar communicated to the pope only, who never revealed it to any mortal man.

The Count left the oratory, bearing a consecrated taper, given him by the Friar, in hand, and again descended the stairs, to visit his strange guest. The Friar returned to the rooms, and seeing the company amazed, and bursting with curiosity, formed them all into a ring, and said he had a story to tell them. But the Lady Celestina Sparceribs sneaked down stairs, to smell out the business. The Friar thus spoke:

#### THE FRIAR'S TALE.

Not many nights ago I was sent for, to see the rich Baron Von Stump, who was said to be dangerously ill. When I arrived at the house, I was told that he was delirious, and in an agony of impatience to see me. I was ushered into his chamber, where I found him lying on a superb couch, a ghastly and miserable object. His countenance was distorted by mental anguish, and the cold damp of death was upon his forehead. "Holy Father," uttered he, in a wild and broken tone, "you have then come at last—come in time to receive the last confession of a dying wretch." He then motioned with his hand for the attendants to withdraw. "Clear out—begone!" exclaimed he, in a quick sharp tone, to Doctor Anodyne, who was approaching him with a sedative draught, "what have I to do with thee? can you free me from the fetters which bind me? can you quench the fire which runs through my veins?" The Doctor vanished. "Holy Father," said he, "are we alone?" I answered in the affirmative. "No! no!" shrieked he, "'tis false—we are not alone—he is there—he is there still. He will never, never leave me!" I turned my eyes to the corner of the room toward which he pointed, but saw nothing. "My good sir," said I to him, "be composed, your eyes deceive you." He paid no attention to me, but continued to mutter inarticulately, as if in eager conversation with somebody. Then suddenly turning toward me, "Holy Father," cried he, with frightful earnestness, "bid him—intreat him—command him to depart." I felt a little qualmish, but putting a bold face on the matter, I pulled out my beads, and, making the sign of the cross, began to exorcise the power of darkness, wherever he might be, who thus disturbed the last moments of the unhappy man. The Baron, all the while, lay in convulsions; but as soon as I had finished, he revived, and cried out "He is gone! He is gone!" He then proceeded to make the following horrible confession.

"What was it? What was it?" cried all the ladies in one breath.

Just at this moment a tremendous explosion took place down stairs, which threw all the company into hysterics. But it is necessary that we should return to the Lady Sparceribs and her proceedings. This specimen of femi-



nine impertinence and curiosity, followed the Count unobserved, and saw him enter a chamber in the basement of the palace, bearing a wax taper in his hand. She peeped through the key hole, and observed a gentleman in black, of a swarthy complexion and very bright eyes, smoking a cigar by the fire, and holding a wine glass in his hand, which he had just replenished. The Count appeared to be uneasy in his presence. He placed the wax taper cautiously before him on the table, and sat down on the opposite side. The gentleman in black eyed the candle with some apparent inquietude. "When I have finished my cigar," said he, "we will walk." He said no more, nor did the Count make any answer, while his strange guest continued very composedly whiffing out smoke, and occasionally taking a tiff out of the decanter. About fifteen minutes had elapsed, while this was performing, when the man in black, with a deep sigh, flung away the stump of his cigar; then turning to the empty decanter, he heaved another dolorous groan; then, with a grin on his face, he cried out to the count, "Now we must be off." The Count appeared much terrified. In a soothing voice of expostulation, he said, "our agreement was for forty years; but twenty have elapsed: must I go?" "Yes," said the guest, in a determined, but dogged sort of a tone. "Grant me but a year!" "No!" "A month!" "No!" "A week!" "No!" "A day!" "No!"—"Then," said the Count, "you see this candle, it is but an inch long. While it is burning, here is another bottle, and a capital cigar to regale you. Will you spare me till this candle is burnt out?" "Yes," said the guest. "Very well," said the Count, blowing out the candle and putting it in his pocket; "then I am snug enough." So saying, he left the apartment by another door. The person in black got up, his whole frame trembling with anger, and his eyes scintillating with lurid corruscations of wrath. He looked withal remarkably sneaking, and vanished with a clap of thunder. Poor Lady Spareribs lay on the floor in a paroxysm of terror. She was roused from it, by the Count giving her a hearty box on the ears, and asking her what she did there?

She was shortly afterwards taken sick, and died. There was rumour of her body's exhibiting marks of poison. But it is certain, that the last words she uttered were,—“I wonder what the black man wanted with the Count?”—

\* \* \* \* \*

"And what, in the Devil's name, do you want with me?" said Ebenezer Cook to his visitor. "Oh," said the turnkey, for such he was, "I only came to inform you that your

creditors are tired of keeping you here any longer, and that you can walk as soon as you please."

\* \* \* \* \*

#### STANZAS ON A DEAD KITTEN.

*Supposed to be by S. of New-Jersey.*

Oh say not death is victor here!  
Those eyes with dewy lustre winning,  
Sweet cat, upon thy balmy bier  
Thou liest, with features blandly grinning.  
The vital spark that nourished thee  
Has gone quite out of thy small body,  
Thy meagre form is all we see—  
Dead as a door-nail—or, Tom Noddy.

That little tail, so meekly curled,  
As day's last light delighted lingers,  
Proclaims to an unfeeling world,  
As much as do a baby's fingers.\*  
Yet stiff that tail; and to the touch,  
And gentle pressure quite refractory—  
Resembling odorous pig-tail much  
At Peter Williams' manufactory.

Can chewed tobacco grow again!  
Fond Hope distil thy balmy treasure!  
The music of the spheres in vain  
Shall sooth the cherub smile of pleasure.  
Say, this blest kitten on the morn,  
With star-like grace shall suck its mother;  
Or flourish like a virgin thorn—  
Oh, promise kindly, one or t'other.

Ah no!—dead cats can never rise—  
No power can re-illumine those features,  
Which vanished in their native skies.  
Like comets, and such fiery meteors.  
So fades the rose-bud, ere the dew,  
Of misty eve the soft embalmer,  
Can shed its fragrance—so will you  
If found by luckless Pot-pye Palmer.

Kitten defunct! thou'st gone the way  
That cats and kittens all must travel;—  
Thy thread of life, soon in the day,  
The flinty hearted Fates unravel!  
Yet it was best that thou should'st go,  
Smit by the stern and gloomy archer—  
For many ague fits of woe  
Thou thus hast 'scaped by thy departure—

Oh life, a summer shad is like,  
Disporting on the Hudson river—  
But tangled in the treacherous fike,  
The shad's small soul is gone for ever.  
Oh for the poet's laurel crown!  
The prize that genius reimburses—  
And oh! that I were written down  
An ass, for writing these rum verses.

\* The author seems here to imitate himself—  
"Those little hands so meekly joined,  
As day's last light around is playing,  
Serenely speak the feeling mind,  
But lovely dreaming infant praying"

*S. of N. J.*

## QUEEN MAB AND ITS AUTHOR.

To the Editor of the Examiner.

SIR—Having heard that a poem, entitled *Queen Mab*, has been surreptitiously published in London, and that legal proceedings have been instituted against the publisher, I request the favour of your insertion of the following explanation of the affair as it relates to me.

A poem, entitled *Queen Mab*, was written by me at the age of eighteen, I dare say in a sufficiently intemperate spirit—but even then was not intended for publication, and a few copies only were struck off, to be distributed among my personal friends. I have not seen this production for several years; I doubt not but that it is perfectly worthless in point of literary composition; and that in all that concerns moral and political speculation, as well as in the subtler discriminations of metaphysical and religious doctrine, it is still more crude and immature. I am a devoted enemy to religious, political, and domestic oppression; and I regret this publication, not so much from literary vanity, as because I fear it is better fitted to injure than to serve the sacred cause of freedom. I have directed my Solicitor to apply to Chancery for an injunction to restrain the sale; but after the precedent of Mr. Southey's *Wat Tyler*, (a poem written, I believe, at the same age, and with the same unreflecting enthusiasm,) with little hopes of success.

Whilst I exonerate myself from all share in having divulged opinions hostile to existing sanctions, under the form, whatever it may be, which they assume in this poem, it is scarcely necessary for me to protest against the system of inculcating the truth of Christianity, and the excellence of Monarchy, however true or however excellent they may be, by such equivocal arguments as confiscation, and imprisonment, and invective, and slander, and the insolent violation of the most sacred ties of nature and society. Sir, I am, your obliged and obedient servant,

PERCY B. SHELLEY.

Pisa, June 22, 1821.

MADAME CATALANI IN LONDON.—Her performance, like the King and his coronation, supersedes all the other topics of science. When she left this country she was pre-eminent; now she returns to it, the world of art will be curious to discover whether she is still greater; or whether those faculties and powers which then seemed too vast to enjoy addition, have undergone any, and what changes.

She arrived on the 10th, and a concert was announced for the 16th. But on Saturday the 14th, there was a rehearsal of her songs at the Argyll Rooms, at which about one hundred and fifty of the nobility and most eminent professors and amateurs were allowed to be present. We have never witnessed so wonderful a dis-

play of vocal power, conjoined with such high and touching physiognomical expression. "Her eye," said a gentleman to Monsieur Vallebrequé, (the husband of Madame Catalani,) "is Jove's own lightning, her face a whirlwind, and her singing, the explosion of a volcano."

On the 16th, the concert took place, the admission being fixed at one guinea. Madame Catalani selected four songs: *Della Superba Roma*, a new composition of the Marquis Sampieri, an Italian virtuoso of great reputation; an air written for the violin with variations by Rode, to which words were appended; a recitative and air, *Mio Bene*, by Pucitta; and the famous bass song in Mozart's *Figaro*, *Non piu andrai*; with the first verse of *God Save the King*, by way of finale. The other parts of the concert were two or three instrumental pieces; two bass duets by Angrisani and Placci, and a duet for the harp and piano-forte by the Misses Ashe, which those young professors performed with great taste, precision, and general excellence. But Catalani was all in all; and the room, crowded with fashion, glittering with stars, and graced by royalty, (the Dukes of Clarence and Cambridge, with the Princess Augusta, and the Duchesses of Gloucester and Cambridge, being present,) contained no one who seemed willing to attend to any other portion of the entertainment.

*Della Superba Roma* were the first words that broke from her lips; and they issued forth with a grandeur, that might have led one to imagine the proud mistress of the world was here personified. The rich amplitude of her magnificent tones filled the ear, as the broad splendours of the mid-day sun satiate the eye; and it was at once discovered that her powers were only matured during her absence from England. As she proceeded, this impression was confirmed by every note. Perhaps the principal and reigning idea was, that she had gained in force, and lost a trifle in sweetness. Her execution is thus somewhat changed in the manner, but not at all in the subjects upon which it is employed. Her fancy seems to have slumbered; for she appears to have added nothing to her former stock of invented passages. Even her facility is endued with new and extraordinary force. In one chromatic passage, (ascending by semitones,) to those who stood near, her voice sounded like the wind rushing through trees; and, indeed, distance is absolutely indispensable to the true enjoyment—to the true notion, of this wonderful woman's powers. All her effects are calculated to operate through a vast space; and at every remove, we will venture to assert, the auditor would be liable to entertain a different idea of her singing. When very close, it is really terrific. (Young Linley fainted, and dropped from his seat, at her rebuke for play-

ing a wrong note during the rehearsal, through the fault of the copyist.) She would be said by judges to violate every rule of art; but as you recede, distance modifies the preternatural strength; and the grandeur is retained, while the coarseness evaporates. Madame Catalani has formed a style of her own, and it is purely dramatic. It is also florid in the highest possible degree. Her voice is the most prodigious instrument, in volume and in tone, that ever astonished the ear; her facility is not less marvellous. Her capital faculties are force and transition. Her choice of a comic bass song was dictated, we presume, not so much by singularity, as by the desire to show her talents in a new style, and the richness and depth of her lower tones. She transposed it one note, and sang it in the key of D. She altered many of the passages, by inserting short, but appropriate *volate*, and also by the introduction of entirely new phrases, where repetition seemed to call for variation. She moreover appended two splendid cadences to the pauses. But she enriched the song with genuine humour, mellow and expressive, particularly where the words *Non piu andrai* were repeated. Upon the whole, this air gave most pleasure; the others excited most surprise.

But the figure and features of Madame Catalani are certainly subjects for as much admiration as her voice. Never, surely, were transition so fine, so instantaneous. Yet the effort, involuntary and the offspring of high-

wrought sensibility, (as we are convinced it is,) is frequently dreadful. The spectator trembles for the beautiful creature before him, who is at one moment convulsed with passion, the next melted by tenderness. He cannot escape the fear, lest those delicate vessels, that swell almost to bursting, should overpass the point of safety, and destroy the frame they serve to agitate.

As a whole, then, this wonder stands alone. Her grandeur of conception is not more marvellous than the thunders of her voice, and the lightnings of her countenance. THERE IS BUT ONE CATALANI.—*Lond. Mag.*

MR. KEAN.—On Monday Mr. Kean, whose squabbles with American managers have been as much protruded on the public as if they afforded grounds for another American war, reappeared at Drury-lane as Richard III. The house was crowded, and his reception was as tumultuary as 't' the olden times." His performance was also in the known style—intelligible drawls, great effects, electrifying passages, and, as a whole, wanting truth and consistency. After the play, there was a speech of puerile egotism, Mr. Kean seeming to fancy himself not only the greatest actor that ever "fretted his hour upon the stage," but as having some connexion with Garrick and Shakspeare, and being a sort of representative of England to the United States. All this is inconceivably ridiculous.

*Lond. Lit. Gaz.*

## Literary Notices.

WILLIAMSTOWN COLLEGE (Mass.) The Rev. Thomas McAuley, LL.D. Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in Union College, Schenectady, was, July the 18th, elected President of this College.

DICKENSON COLLEGE, Carlisle. The Rev. John M. Mason, D.D. of this city, has been elected President of this institution; and Mr. Vethake, late Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in Princeton College, has accepted a professorship in this—which will go into active operation on the first of December.

THE LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC REPOSITORY, No. 6, has appeared. The Editor must be one of the most indefatigable literary men this city has produced in a long while, if he writes any portion of his original articles, or even examines the manuscript of all that he has printed in the late numbers. Some of his writers, we presume, from the vigour and cultivation they display, can write the English language as well as any living native of England—We intend no offence to present Englishmen, who are of course the objects of our

reverence, whose peculiarity of speech, or grunt, like the voice of 'little Piggy,' we admit to be inimitable by any not of the nature of this disinterested animal to which they have been so aptly compared, at home. (See 'Quarterly Review' on the Sketch Book.) Indefatigable, we said of the Editor, because we understand that in addition to the pecuniary provision for the work, he has, with a view to economy, assumed the labour of the whole distribution of it himself, to his widely dispersed and sparse (the most annoying thing of the two) patrons and agents through the United States. He springs to it with an activity which would lead us to suppose that he met with all the success he has earned—but we have shrewd intimations that he is like one who had merely stepped into a stream to see if it was fordable, and finding himself unexpectedly engaged with the current, determines to pass to the other side, with all the spirit and energy he is master of.—Whether he will get over, or not, we don't know: but this we will coolly observe to him, that while he is struggling with the wave, and before he reach the solid bank he aims at, he will re-



ceive no encouragement from his countrymen, no cheer from their good wishes, and scarcely their attention. The more hazardous the enterprise, and the more honourable the object of ambition, the less aid may be expected from his fellow-men, to accomplish success unless like Lord Byron (who is an example for any thing—every body's customer?) he has some rowers in a little boat along side, to attend him in the attempt. As we do not belong to the little boat, we shall exercise all the indifference that belongs to Spectators—and in our next, criticise his publication as freely as any other production of the press.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW has our hearty good wishes. We do not think it, however, necessary to its success, that it should so carefully imitate the design of the

British Reviews. We will suggest something on this subject, and give an analysis of its contents, hereafter. But we will commence with—

THE JOURNAL OF SCIENCE, of Professor Silliman—as worthy of the first attention, though it has generally received the latest and the least. Perhaps it is because New Haven is not entitled to be considered the seat of the Sciences. Then why has this noble effort been resigned, almost entirely, to her small academic grove?

CHEMISTRY AND NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.—Mr. Griscom gives Lectures on these sciences, to the Ladies in the morning, and the Gentlemen in the evening—commencing the 7th inst.

## Deaths.

At Annapolis, Oct. 10, WILLIAM KILTY, Chancellor of the state of Maryland, in the 64th year of his age.

On the 21st Oct. at *Hyde Park, Dutchess County*, NATHANIEL PENDLETON, Esq. in the 64th year of his age. The circumstances of his sudden decease add to its painfulness. While driving on the road, his horse took fright, he was thrown from his chair, and expired almost immediately. Judge Pendleton was the only surviving brother-in-law of the late Dr. Bard, in whose neighbourhood and society the last ten years of his life have been passed. His death, while the source of the deepest domestic affliction, is also felt as a public loss—Of a family, to whom our country in its great struggle was much indebted, his early years were spent in the Revolutionary army—as the Aid and companion and friend of General Greene. Upon its successful termination, he settled in Georgia, and attached himself to the study and practice of the law, in which, sound judgment and patient industry, and lofty sentiments of honour, soon raised him to the first rank at its Bar, and next to the highest seat in its tribunals. Urged by his northern connections he removed to this city in the year 1796, and was engaged in professional practice, until his retirement to the country in the year 1811.

At his seat in the city of Burlington, New-Jersey, on the 24th of October, ELIAS BOUDINOT, LL. D. in the 83d year of his age. He was born in Philadelphia on the 2d of May, 1740. He was descended from one of those pious Protestants, who at the revocation of the edict of Nantes, fled from France to America, to escape the horrors of ecclesiastical persecution and to enjoy religious freedom in this favoured land. He had the advantage of a classical education, and studied law under

the direction of the Hon. Richard Stockton, whose eldest sister he married.

Early in the Revolutionary war he was appointed by Congress Commissary-General of prisoners. In 1777, he was chosen a member of the national Congress, and in 1782 he was elected President of this august body. In this capacity he put his signature to the Treaty of Peace, which established his country's independence. After peace he resumed the practice of law. Under the present constitution of the United States, he held a seat in the House of Representatives, for six successive years. On quitting it he was appointed by the first President to the office of Director of the National Mint, vacated by Rittenhouse; and executed this trust during the administrations of Washington, and Adams; and (in part) of Jefferson. Resigning this office, and seeking seclusion, he fixed his residence in the city of Burlington. Prior to the revolution he was elected a member of the Board of Trustees of New-Jersey College. At the time of his decease he was the Senior of this respectable body. The liberal donations he made it during his life, and more ample one in his last will, must be long remembered by the friends of science. Attached to the religious denomination of which he was so distinguished a member, he has been most liberal in his testamentary donation to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, and to their Theological Seminary established at Princeton. Perhaps the chief excellence in his character was the ardent and effective zeal he displayed in the bible cause. The efforts he at first made, notwithstanding the infirmities of age, and much unexpected opposition, to establish the American Bible Society—his munificent donation to this institution at its first organization—his subsequent liberality to aid in the erection of a Deposi-

tory—the devise of a large and valuable tract of land—and the deep and undiminished interest he has taken in all the concerns of the National Society ever since he was chosen to be its President—will consecrate his memory in the hearts of his fellow citizens in America, and his Fellow Christians throughout the world.

The celebrated Mrs. INCHBALD, at *Kensington*, after only a few days illness. Though novelties may have caused her name to be less before the public of late, than it was in former times, her genius was of the highest order, and she will long remain among the foremost on the roll of British female authors. She was, we believe, about the age of 70.

At *Woolwich*, JOHN BONNYCASTLE, Esq. long eminent as the author of very able treatises on Arithmetic, Geometry, Trigonometry, Algebra, Astronomy, and other valuable elementary works in Mathematics, and for many years Professor of Mathematics in the Royal Military College.

At *Clifton*, in her 32d year, Mrs. HESTER LYNCH PROZZI, formerly Mrs. Thrale, the friend and chit-chat biographer of Johnson, and one of the Della-Cruscan poets deservedly lashed by Gifford, in his *Baviad* and *Mæviad*. She was also a leading member of the *Bas-Bleu* sisterhood.

At *Edinburgh*, Dr. JAMES GREGORY, professor of the practice of medicine in the university of Edinburgh, and first physician to his majesty for Scotland. He was the fourth professor of his family, in a lineal descent; and from his ancestor, David Gregory, of *Kinairdy*, he was the 16th descendant who held a professorship in a British university.

At *London*, HENRY LAWES LUTTRELL, Earl of Carhampton, Governor of Dublin, &c. in the 78th year of his age. He was the eldest son of the first Lord *Irnam*, celebrated as the hero of the *Diaboliad*, and brother to the beautiful Miss Luttrell, afterwards Duchess of Cumberland. He has himself obtained a conspicuous place on the page of history, by his having been the candidate opposed to Wilkes, at the *Middlesex* election, after his second expulsion, and whom the vote of the House of Commons seated as the duly elected member for the county, though he had scarcely a fourth of the votes of his opponent.

For his conduct on this occasion he was amply rewarded by ministers, and as liberally abused by the patriotic writers for the press, and by none more bitterly than by the (unknown) Junius.

NAPOLEON, the ex-emperor of France, died at *St. Helena*, on the 5th of May last. Thus has terminated the career of one of the most remarkable men that ever had an existence. His name is now become the property of the historian, who will faithfully record the great events in which he took a part, and give him to posterity as he really was, uninfluenced by those distortions of truth which his enemies have unsparingly used on the one hand, and by the flatteries and partial views of his partisans on the other.

In the words of one who has sketched his character, “his whole history was like a dream to the world, and no man can tell how or why he was awakened from the reverie. That he has done much evil there is little doubt—that he has been the origin of much good there is just as little. Through his means, intentional or not, Spain, Portugal, and France, have arisen to the blessings of free constitutions; tyranny has found her grave in the ruins of the Inquisition; and the feudal system, with its whole train of tyrannical satellites, has fled for ever. Kings may learn from him that their safest study, as well as their noblest, is the interest of the people; the people are taught by him that there is no despotism so stupendous, against which they have not a resource; and to those who would rise upon the ruins of both, he is a living lesson, that if ambition can raise them from the lowest station, it can also prostrate them from the highest.”

At *Cheshunt Park, Herts*, aged 79, OLIVER CROMWELL, Esq. lineally descended from the celebrated Protector, being the great-grandson of Henry Cromwell, Lord Deputy of Ireland, and M. P. for Cambridge, who was the fourth son of the Protector.—This gentleman was formerly a respectable solicitor in *Essex Street, Strand*, and clerk to *St. Thomas's Hospital*. He lately published, in a handsome quarto volume, “*Memoirs of the Protector Oliver Cromwell, and his sons Richard and Henry, illustrated by Original Letters and other Family Papers. With Six Portraits, from original Pictures.*”

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